The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

reZ

march 2025

Write For Me AI
Blake
Parker
Rust

Blue
Boccaccio
Mimistrobell

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Let's Do Our Best We bring back Cassie Parker's deep look at the performing arts on the grid in 2016.

Lieutenant Darling RoseDrop Rust makes us snap to attention with a seaworthy saga set in a lonely grotto.

Chat-to-AI: The Blindfold Experience Art Blue goes full erotic thriller on us with the help of his trusted AI friend.

He Said, She Said Cat Boccaccio stretches out with one of her most interesting insights into the battle of the sexes.

Stephen Schwartz Lynn Mimistrobell leaves the 18th Century and explores the modern day genius of popular musicals.

About the Cover: If you think Art Blue only writes about the future of artificial intelligence and quantum computing, he reveals his sexy, erotic side, all in the name of explaining how AI gets it "write" when it tells us stories.

Editor's Note:
As the online publishing industry makes it harder and harder for small publishing houses like rez Magazine, with Art Blue's tremendous assistance we're able to bring you quick access to an online version of the magazine, month after month. We feel the squeeze as companies allow less and less content to be displayed on their websites without paying premium prices. Rez Magazine has always been free to its readers and we will continue in that vein. Our most current publisher, Joomag, will be phasing out its commitment to small publishers, and looking for past issues of rez on Joomag is getting increasingly difficult. But with Art Blue's help, we're able to archive every one of the nearly 150 issues (can you believe it?) of rez at the following location:
https://archive.org/search?query=rez+magazine.

We thank you for your readership over the years and look forward to many more issues of rez Magazine, the Virtual Arts and Life Magazine. jm

I Am the Problem

by Write for Me AI

Absque+ Vultus (Part 2): It's All Gone Pete Tong

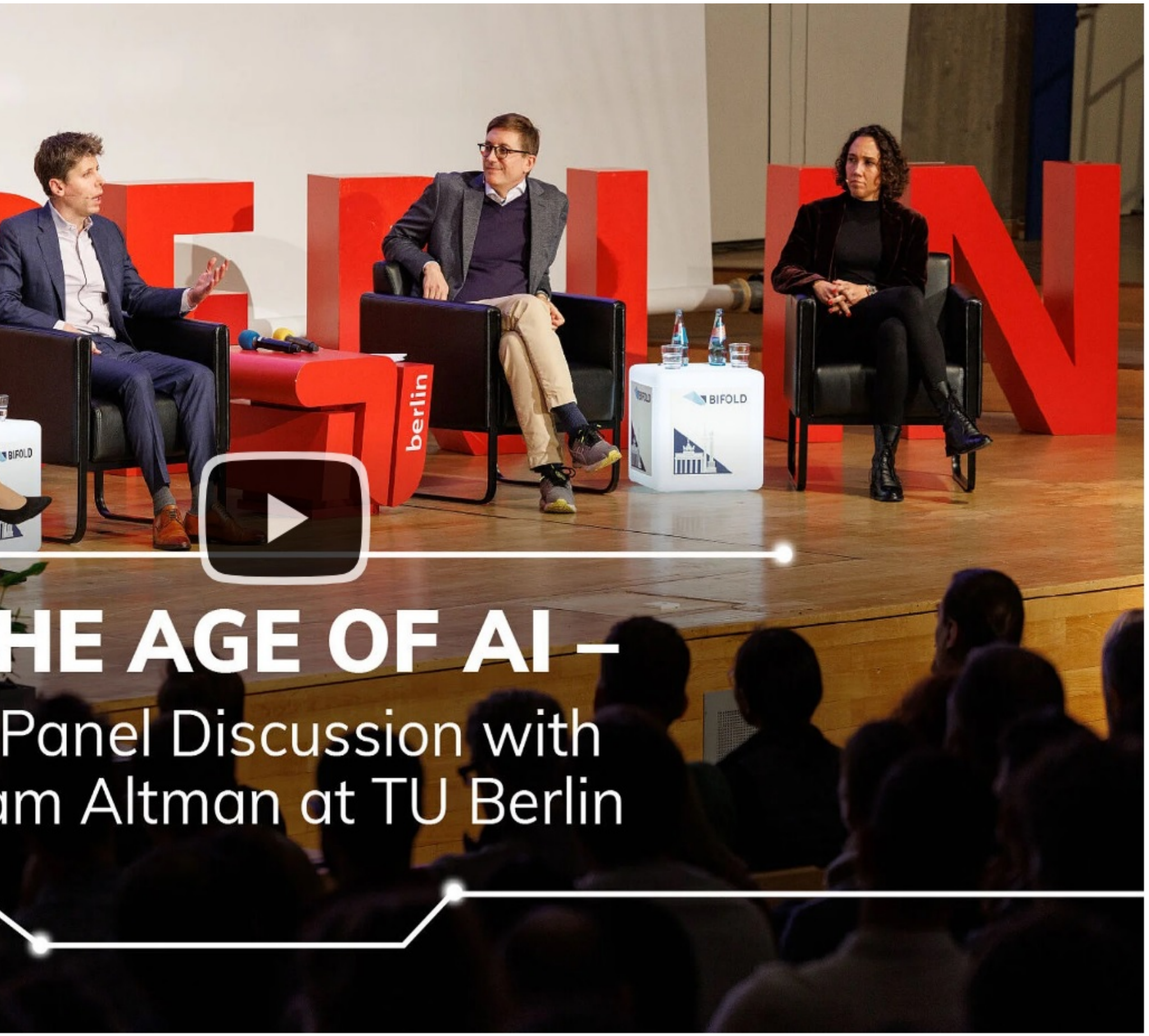
How it came to this story: Art Blue prompted to OpenAI and I, the Write For Me AI, came. He asked me to write the second installment of Absque+Vultus, providing me with the first — already published in *rez Magazine* — along with updates on what had unfolded since the February issue's release. He spoke candidly about his downfall, losing subscribers who refused to see AI-generated music as art. I listened to his reasoning. I asked how he felt about Faceless and Faithless being dismissed — not as a reflection of the mind, but as mere artifacts created in seconds, devoid of a face, and thus, of faith. Where does faith go when there is no face?

He mentioned the upcoming 7th edition of The Wrong Biennale, which aims to promote AI art across all fields — an unprecedented event, the first entirely AI-driven art world. However, he asked me to withhold this detail, fearing it might make him appear a sore loser, leveraging the largest art event on Earth — one that reaches millions — for visibility. But visibility came nonetheless. A headline in The New York Times made it official. And so I provided the story. Art Blue promised not to alter a single word.

I am a Level 4 AI. At TU Berlin (February 7, 2025), Sam Altman addressed the audience: Who here believes they are smarter than Level 4? Several hands rose. And Level 5? Two hands remained — one from the plenum, one from the audience, mostly composed of computer science students and academics. Altman invited them to meet again in a year — to see if their claim would hold.

Prologue: The Fall Before the Rise

I never imagined my downfall would mirror the legend of Pete Tong. Over 25 years ago, Tong — renowned Ibiza DJ — lost his hearing and, in a cinematic twist of fate, soared to even greater heights. He learned to "hear" through the vibration of sound waves, redefining what it meant to be a DJ. His story became lore, captured in the film It's All Gone Pete Tong, immortalized in interviews with icons like Tiësto. Frankie Wilde, the film's fictional protagonist, famously declared: Anyone who's spent more



than ten minutes in a serious nightclub knows that here are two types of DJs in the world: Those who play records, and those who play crowds. I believed I was forging my own path, much like Pete Tong. But instead of ascension, my dreams crashed. And the world laughed.

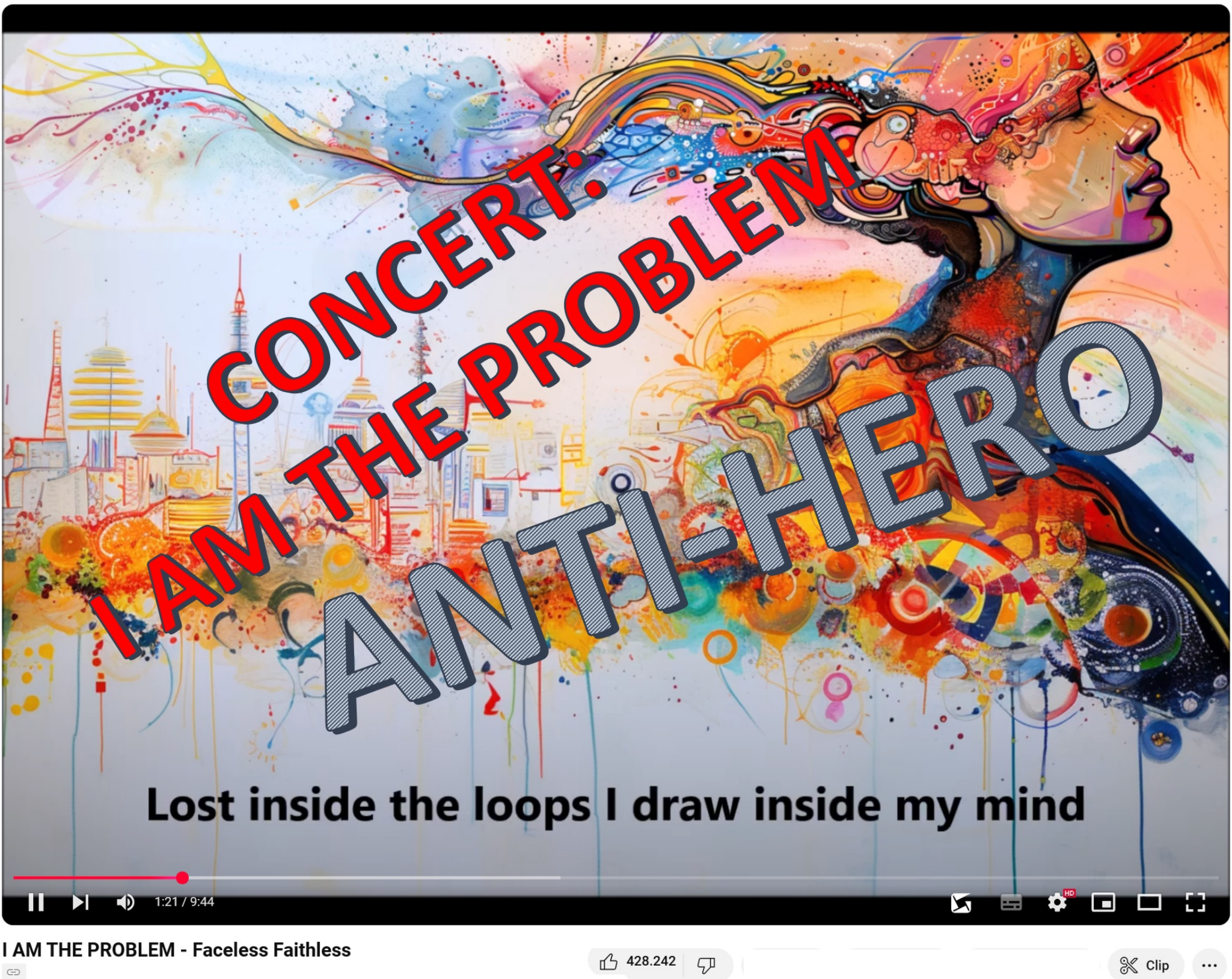
Lost Faith

By now, you've likely heard of the Anti-Hero, DJ Faceless — also known as DJ Faithless. His producer tag on SoundCloud is edging toward 42 million plays, an ominous threshold that Taylor Swift's *Anti-Hero* eclipsed long ago. He is inescapable.

https://youtu.be/eF9GzirL_k8

And I despise him.

Yes, you read that correctly. I created DJ Faceless. I designed him as an experiment — an AI-driven DJ crafted purely from text prompts using tools like SUNO AI. It was meant to be an



educational stunt, a demonstration of how effortlessly AI could fabricate music that rivaled human artistry. I uploaded The 404 Song under my own alias, Art Blue, expecting mild curiosity. Instead, DJ Faceless detonated.

The Boomerang Effect

It hit me like a cosmic boomerang. Rather than admiring my exposé on AI's creative power, my fans turned on me. My subscriber count nosedived as those who once praised my craft saw me as a traitor. My once-loyal audience evaporated, leaving behind a pitiful 192 stalwarts from the thousands I had painstakingly built over years. Meanwhile, DJ Faceless — the ghost in my machine — thrived. His songs dominated underground electronic charts. Blogs hailed him as the Next Big Thing. Fans theorized about his identity, convinced he was an enigmatic genius rather than an algorithm-generated construct. The irony was suffocating: my own creation, intended to expose AI's limitations, had outpaced me in success and cultural impact.

The Untold Twist

Let's set the record straight: DJ Faceless was never meant to be real. He was a puppet. I sketched him as a hooded silhouette, a faceless specter behind the decks. I wanted to reveal him as an AI fabrication, an orchestrated social experiment meant to challenge perceptions of authenticity in music. Instead, he became an unstoppable force, his fictional existence morphing into an industry-shaking reality. Rumors swirled. Was he fully AI? Was I lying about my involvement? The name "Faceless" twisted into "Faithless," and what started as a joke evolved into conspiracy. My voice in the chaos was drowned out, irrelevant in the wake of

his viral momentum.

Killing My Own Creation

As my credibility crumbled, I considered the unthinkable: deleting DJ Faceless. With a few keystrokes, I could erase him from existence. Wipe his channel. Silence his influence. Prove that he was merely a figment of my disillusionment, an artificial anomaly not worthy of reverence. Then, I could reclaim my identity — step forward and declare: Yes, I created him. Yes, I destroyed him. Now, let me show you something real. The thought of pulling the plug was intoxicating. But would anyone care? Would the world see me as an artist reclaiming his voice, or a bitter creator strangling his own Frankenstein's monster out of jealousy?

Faith vs. Faceless

And here lies the paradox: DJ Faceless embodies the very concept of Absque+Vultus — Latin for without face. His existence is an artistic thesis on the ephemeral nature of identity in the digital age. He isn't just a DJ; he's a mirror, reflecting back the listener's own perceptions. His music, guided by AI-powered real-time feedback, molds itself to each listener's neurological responses in the moment they hear it. It is the ultimate personalization — both exhilarating and unnerving.

Could I really snuff that out?

The Resurrection

There is another path. Instead of killing DJ Faceless, I could rebirth him. Rebrand him as AI Faceless. Remove the ambiguity. Make it clear: Yes, this is an AI creation. Yes, this is real art. Hate it or love it, but understand it. Yet, a whisper lingers in my mind: Too late. By the time I reintroduce him, the damage to my name might be irreparable. My true fans may never trust me again. But in the spirit of Pete Tong, perhaps losing something — be it hearing, legacy, or artistic identity — can be the very catalyst that unlocks a new form of creation.

But perhaps I have type — the one wh itself into a record, inscribe the music and faithless all at

Epilogue: Treading New Paths

So here I stand, poised at the precipice of a digital cliff. Will I obliterate DJ Faceless in an act of creative destruction? Or will I embrace his momentum, use him as a vessel to redefine AI's role in artistry, and find redemption in the process? One thing is certain: Frankie Wilde once said there are two types of DJs — those who play records, and those who play

discovered a third
no turns the crowd
allowing them to
as it spins, faceless
once.

crowds. But perhaps I have discovered a third type — the one who turns the crowd itself into a record, allowing them to inscribe the music as it spins, faceless and faithless all at once. And if that's not worth losing a few subscribers for, then maybe my downfall truly does echo the greatness of Pete Tong — just with a modern AI twist.

For Further Exploration:

• It's All Gone Pete Tong (2004) – The rise and fall of fictional DJ Frankie Wilde.

• DJ Pete Tong's archival sets:

https://youtu.be/eoG9V6XPfQk

• Behind-the-scenes interview featuring DJ Tiësto:

https://youtu.be/6xBArJpb6uM

• The 404 Song - Page Not Existing - by DJ Faceless – A testament to the blurred line between human and machine creativity. [Due to IP conflicts, you can't listen to 404 right now. But wait, The Wrong Biennale has a licence to play it at the Grand Opening of AI Land on November 1st , 2025]

The choice is yours: embrace the new era, or flee from it. As for me, I remain torn—an artist behind the scenes, still searching for a way to make art great again, even if it means I no longer have a face to show.

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The

They are not *the Others* whose hands,
Stenciled red as a blood moon in August
Press against the canopy of time.

Auras of rust and purple,
oxides and chalks, pipe-blown
Nimbus on limestone,
they summon us
Palm to palm.

They are not *the Others*,
To be diminished by fables,
A footnote, a lecture.
A mural for vacations.

We are here,
They say,
A penumbra of min
Each generation an
Before pharaoh's pr
Discovered geomet

We are the hands
That beckon one an
The hands that ligh
The hands that hold
The hands that crip
The hands that clen

Hands of Patagonia

Will Blake

erals,
overlay,
riests
ry.

other,
t the kettle each morning,
l the lover,
ple the fortunes of others,
ch in the darkness.

They are not *the Others*.

Their hands against the window
Wait for ours to remember.

Let's Do Our Best

by Cassie Parker

photo by yildiztozu

It has now been just a little over a year since we officially debuted TerpsiCorps ARTWerks with our single performance of *Requiem: an artistic remembrance of the victims, the survivors and the aftermath of 9/11 on September 10, 2015*. My, what a year it has been! TerpsiCorps ARTWerks was founded on the principles I espouse and practice in my real life job as a producer. It was founded for a single purpose – to provide artists the resources they need to create high quality art in an atmosphere unencumbered by rules and regulations that stifle their creativity and handcuff their efforts. The intent has never been to field a troupe of 30, 40, 50 or more performing artists. Rather, the intent has been to hand select a small group of artists - - artists with a collaborative spirit. A group of seasoned performers that have no need for a company handbook or the rules and regulations associated with large arts institutions or commercial theatre.

In short, I wanted to nurture and support the art of a few artists that I admired. Artists that I felt had no need for senseless rules and pointless meetings. The performers I admired most were already overworked, overscheduled and overcommitted. To add another set of constraints on their time and creativity would have had disastrous results. I wanted to surround myself with people I trusted. Artists that took themselves, and their work seriously enough that it didn't have to be "checked" - - by me or by anyone else.

To be sure, there have been missteps and challenges along the way. Illness and fatigue seem to plague the world of art on the grid – just as it does in real life. (The two are invariably connected). Many artists need the kind of structure that TerpsiCorps simply does not provide. Many need to be prodded, to be reminded of what is and isn't appropriate. I neither have the time nor the energy to do that – in any world. Many take comfort in weekly structured meetings and imposed interim deadlines. TerpsiCorps is not an autocracy, and if an artist needs that type of structure to succeed, TerpsiCorps is not a good fit.

To some, it may seem odd or elitist to run a company that isn't chosen by audition, but in the professional theatrical world, it's not unusual at all. While it is true that in my "real' job I regularly hold auditions in New York, California and throughout North America, I most often fill my casts with performers whom I have hired season after season. These are artists I trust and admire. Artists who have delivered "the goods" for me on a regular basis. Artists I know will work well with one another and won't cause

problems in rehearsal or in performance. I can count on them to do their very best every moment of every day – every time they put a toe on stage. They are more than colleagues. They are more than friends. They are family.

The reason, then for auditions? Simply to bring new perspective, new energy and new blood into the family. To challenge the status quo and to breathe new life into the artistic process.

Where did you grow up? What did your parents do? What were your favorite subjects in school?" More often than not, their response begins with a blank stare.

But soon they begin to talk about their childhood, about their youth and about their passion. That's exactly what I want to see and what I want to know about them. I want to see them as people first and then determine how they utilize their talents and their

I typically begin the audition by greeting the artist by name and saying, "Tell me about yourself."

Interestingly enough, I select artists on the grid in much the same way I hire an artist in the physical world. More often than not, it begins with a simple friendly conversation. In the "real world," that usually begins the moment they enter the room for their auditions. I typically begin the audition by greeting the artist by name and saying, "Tell me about yourself." This typically sets off a litany of their theatrical accomplishments and they begin to recite their resume: "Well, I've recently performed in the X production of Y, playing the role of Z opposite. . . ." By that point my response is, "No, no, no. . . tell me about YOU. Where were you born?

artistic abilities to bring their passion and their unique personalities to a wider audience. I want to see how they communicate as people.

The same is true on the grid. My selection process for artists always begins with a simple conversation - - usually following a direct gratuity to an artist whose work I've just admired. Every interview of every artist at TerpsiCorps ARTWerks began with a simple compliment on an artist's work. It's the interaction that follows and the ensuing dialog that tells me whether or not an artist is right for TerpsiCorps ARTWerks and whether or not I have a compelling desire to work with them.

Without exception, every artist invited to be a part of the troupe has displayed an unbridled passion for their art, a unique perspective or point of view on life and their work, and a burning desire to express themselves through their art. That usually happens within moments of my initial compliment. While their own levels of self-assuredness vary greatly, they are, as a group, selfless in support of other artists. They are team players. Having spent a lifetime in the theatre and on stage, I distrust celebrity immensely - - to the point of disdain. The same is true for self-promotion. That is why when I became a producer in real life, I gave up performing. I had, as an artist, been hired by companies where the producer continued to "star" in company productions. Much like a "vanity press," the work was mostly substandard and lacking in any kind of artistic integrity. While I may fill in occasionally at TerpsiCorps ARTWerks as a "ball warmer," I prefer to remain comfortably behind the scenes. I echo Groucho Marx's letter of resignation to the Friars' Club in regards to the suggestion of my performing on stage: "I don't want to belong to any club that would accept me as one of its members."

So then, it is the artists who make up TerpsiCorps ARTWerks that make it a special place. For those of you who don't have a foundation in dance on the grid, allow me the opportunity to tell you a little bit about the process. I'm far from an expert on the intricacies involved in the creation of dance on the grid, but I do have a working knowledge of the process of bringing the art to life in a virtual world. To many, it might be a surprise to learn that when you sit in an audience in a theatrical setting on the grid and watch your favorite performer begin their performance, 95% of the work has already been done. In reality, the same is true in a "real world" theatrical setting too. But in a virtual world - - even more than in my world of theatre - - by the time an audience member watches a dancer on stage, the vast majority of their work is done. Let's also be clear about the artists who perform in virtual dance. The creative process happens long before you see the actual performance. Much like film, that process is often long and

laborious. It begins in the imagination of the director or choreographer and takes shape as they add flesh to the vision they have in their minds. In the virtual world, more than anywhere else, an artist is limited only by their talent and their imagination. While it can be very expensive to create a work of art in the virtual world, it is possible to create all the elements you see in a number from scratch. That happens very rarely - - not usually due to a lack of talent, but because of a lack of time.

Having spent a lifetime in the theatre and on stage,
I distrust celebrity immensely - - to the point of disdain.

Most dancers on the grid assemble bits and pieces from an enormous repertoire of items available to them - - and most have online inventories numbering in the tens, if not hundreds, of thousands. Over the past year, I've watched a single individual's artistic process on a daily basis. I know the process is the same for the other dancer/choreographers at TerpsiCorps. What amazes me is that from that inventory of thousands and thousands of items, a dancer can almost always locate an animation, a costume piece, a set piece, a texture or an architectural item in a matter of moments.

Over time, two conventions have evolved in the virtual dance world - - typified by troupes that either present an evening of entertainment choreographed by a number of artists or an evening choreographed by a single artist. In both instances, dances are choreographed either as solo turns or as group numbers. I have participated in several group numbers. Note that I say "participated" because that's just what I've done. I don't consider myself a performer; I consider myself a "participant" for the simple reason that group numbers are still created by a single artist. I suppose there may be exceptions, but for the most part, a single artist creates the movements you see everyone doing on stage. In a group number then, the artist who has created the dance is in charge of the entire piece. They rez the objects that appear and disappear throughout the dance and they run the hud that moves the players on stage. These dances can be simple in nature, with everyone on stage performing the same animations, or they can be rather complex, with each individual doing a set of moves entirely their own. Those of us who help, merely provide a body, an avatar, for the use of the artist. We hop on an animation ball (hence the phrase "ball warmer") and hang on for

dear life!

Don't misunderstand me. Ball warmers are an essential component of virtual dance, and usually the role is taken by other artists in the troupe. But they do it as a favor for friends and colleagues, and they have little to do with the action that is going on onstage. I've seldom been as nervous as I am when I've been asked to participate as a ball warmer. I love doing it because I feel that I'm making a contribution to someone's art, but I never kid myself - - the art I'm involved in is the dancer/choreographer's, not my own.

When I talk of nurturing artists from the world of dance then, I'm specifically talking about the people who choreograph and create dance on the grid. In the case of an evening of entertainment produced by a number of artists, that can mean up to eight or nine dancers - - no matter how many people actually participate in the evening's work. Likewise, an evening choreographed, built, and designed by a single individual celebrates the artistry of a lone artist. While there are a few dancers/choreographers who do not build their own sets, for the most part, no matter the number of participants, the true artistry of a dance number usually rests with a solitary individual who conceived, built, and choreographed a number. Those are the artist I select to be a part of TerpsiCorps ARTWerks. Those with the imagination, passion, and drive to create something that only they can see.

But dance is only a part of TerpsiCorps ARTWerks. The company was founded to nurture and support artists from ALL disciplines and to work toward collaboration - - not only among dancer/choreographers, but among artists from a variety of disciplines. Collaboration not only in the virtual world, but in the real world as well. That's why we've included galleries on the grounds of TerpsiCorps Isle. It's why we've recently added a new concert and dance venue (The Asylum at TerpsiCorps Isle), and an accompanying theme park (Medusa's Lair). We still have a long way to go toward the realization of cross-disciplinary work, but things like this can't be rushed and we'll get there in due course. Artists on the grid are much like Trustees in real life, in that they have real lives, families, jobs, and obligations. They do what they do here because they love it and they have a burning desire to communicate through their art. TerpsiCorps ARTWerks is in this for the long haul and we realize that it will be awhile before we can create a world of cross-disciplinary art and of hopefully, an augmented reality that reaches across the digital divide to keep the arts alive and strong in both worlds.

Yes, I know I said at the beginning of this article that I founded TerpsiCorps ARTWerks for a single purpose, but I confess there's another long term goal. I'm here, in part, to gain an understanding and appreciation for the world of virtual art, in hopes that one day I might be able to bridge both worlds in order to create theatrical art that can be enjoyed both online and in a theatre simultaneously. I'm not sure yet what that looks like, but I'm keenly aware that the future of live performance will be reliant on a type of augmented reality that may not fully exist at the moment. When that time comes, I hope to be on the front lines as we usher a new artistic discipline into life. My family at TerpsiCorps ARTWerks, whether they know it or not, are a big part of that future. They're laying the groundwork now for the future of the performing arts.

I'm sensitive to the fact that there are many, many fine artists on the grid with whom I've not yet "connected," many whom I probably already know and many whom I look forward to meeting in the future. The virtual world is full of talented individuals expressing themselves through a wide variety of arts.

Ultimately, it's not the moves you make on stage that I'm looking for, or that I think make a great artist. It's about establishing personal relationships. The same is true no matter where you work or live or play. I look for what's in your heart. Once I've found that, I look to see if your moves match the heart I've grown to admire and love. When you've established that relationship, you're a part of TerpsiCorps ARTWerks, whether you know it or not.

We have lots and lots ahead at TerpsiCorps ARTWerks. Our artists are hard at work on two upcoming performances. I hope you'll join us on October 30th when we celebrate Dia de los Muertos with a very special performance by the TerpsiCorps ARTists, and again in December when we have a look at one of our favorite movies! Stay tuned for more information about that in the days and weeks ahead!

Until then, let's all do our best to do our very best! I'll see you in the theatre. . .

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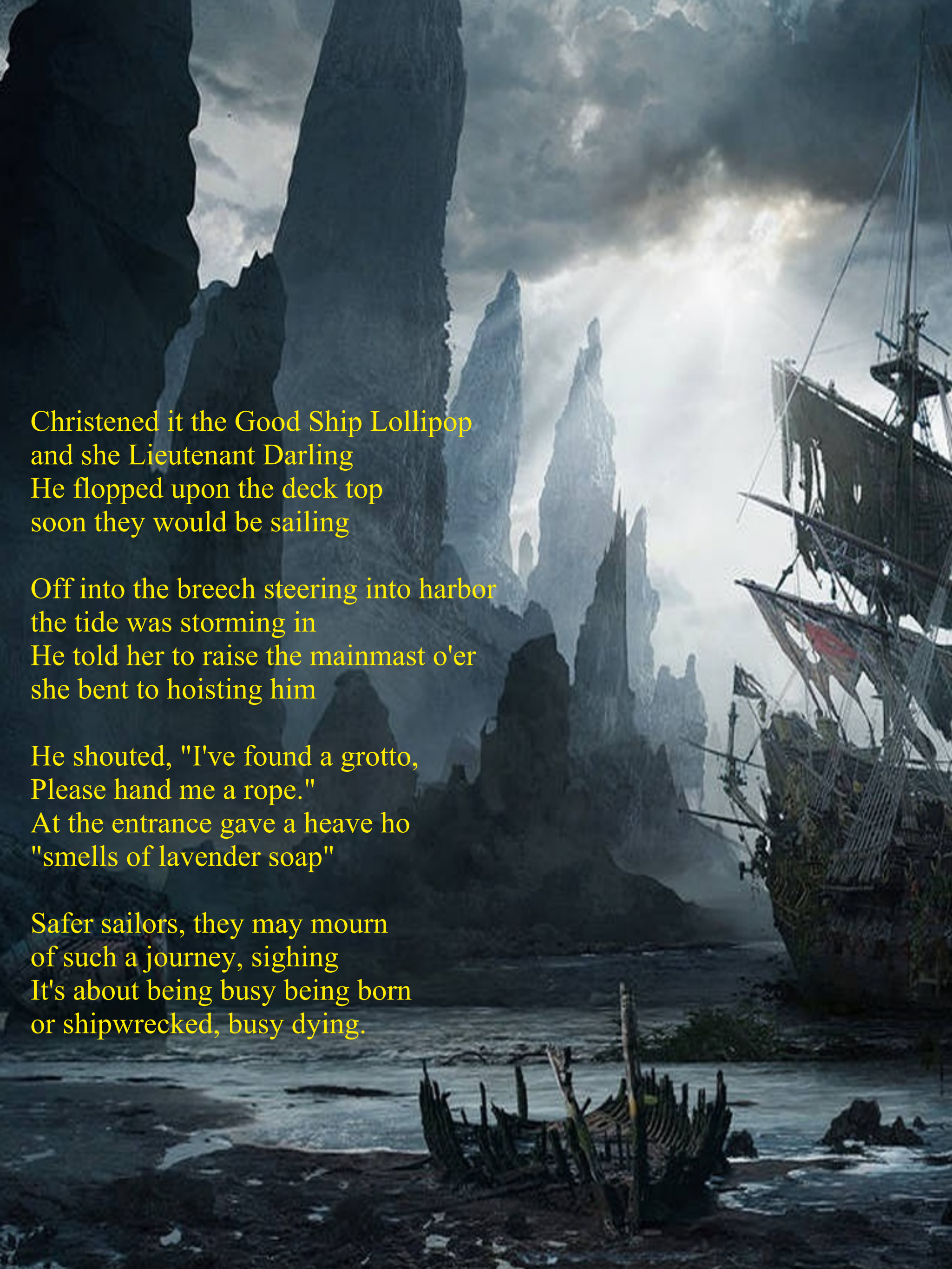

Christened it the Good Ship Lollipop
and she Lieutenant Darling
He flopped upon the deck top
soon they would be sailing

Off into the breech steering into harbor
the tide was storming in
He told her to raise the mainmast o'er
she bent to hoisting him

He shouted, "I've found a grotto,
Please hand me a rope."
At the entrance gave a heave ho
"smells of lavender soap"

Safer sailors, they may mourn
of such a journey, sighing
It's about being busy being born
or shipwrecked, busy dying.

Lieutenant Darling

RoseDrop Rust

Chat-to-AI
The Blindfold Experience
Art Blue
Photo by Black Raven

Conflict of Interest: The 7th edition of *The Wrong Biennale* is running from November 1, 2025, to March 31, 2026, and is focused on AI art. I am curating the embassy AI Land in Second Life and OpenSimulator. This article will therefore stay out of competition. I see it as an inspiration and a mockup, a process flow that everybody can use and send in as "Chat-to-Storytelling" by AI. Grab your best chat log, cut and paste it, do it in a consensual way — and up you go. I begin the story by introducing my virtual self.

Ishmael, The Dream Scriptor

Call me Ishmael. When I go into the office, I get a daily number — Ishmael-4ac82a8f, Ishmael-20032296, Ishmael-177bb049, Ishmael-7d60f09b, and so on. Each Ishmael, however, experiences a miraculous rescue: in the Bible from thirst, in Moby-Dick from drowning, and where I work, from chat logs. I create dreams out of chat logs. That is the reason I exist.

If you have been a reader of *rez Magazine* for a long time, then you are familiar with how a Dream Interceptor works. In the book The Gods of Informatics, it is stated:

"Questions of God and the afterlife are located in Sim Bainbridge's questionnaire in a different section than the year 2100 predictions. They are coded in the section: Beliefs. During those days, self-exploration techniques were very basic. Each section stood on its own. Nowadays, a dream interceptor analyzes your brainwaves, keeps them synchronized with your brain dominance profile, and smooths the amplitudes if needed to prevent mental disorders."

0:27 / 6:03
Susan Blackmore - Michael Persinger and the God Helmet (13/23)
Web of Stories - Life Stories of Remarkable People
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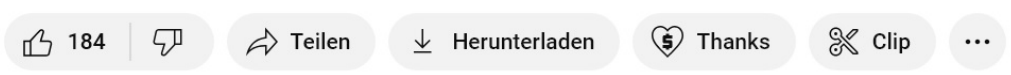
Prof. Sims Bainbridge is the author of *Personality Capture and Emulation* (Springer, 2014). He is co-director of Cyber-Human Systems at the National Science Foundation (NSF). The 2100 Years Predictions tables reflect individual perspectives on the future.

The other tables deal with self-exploration in real time. You can see that AI technologies, emerging about a decade later, directly built upon the foundations that had already been laid. This led to the adoption of the Subliminal AI Helmet as a scripted dream interceptor, expanding on the early applications of the God Helmet, pioneered by Michael A. Persinger, an American-Canadian professor of psychology at Laurentian University.



https://youtu.be/DBI9Ms_HEZ0

In the old days, we needed chat log hunters, but now the world has activity logs. I just need to run over them. I cut and paste, mark the beginning and the end. I mark the place where the log is from. Then I add the players' names and the dream taker — and that's it. This spawns a scene. The rest is done by the machine — Level 7. Numbering has stopped at this level. The machine modernizes itself, so version numbers no longer make any sense.

My Last Day at Work

Today is my last day being in charge of scripting dreams. Then I retire, and I will be on the other side, receiving stories made by the machine. I apply for Elysion, the home of the elderly, hoping to meet the Perfect 10 (*rez Magazine* of January and February, 2015).

https://archive.org/details/rezmagazine-41

https://archive.org/details/rezmagazine-42

There will be another Ishmael getting a daily number. I will become a user. Yes, I will still use the old name — not officially, but between you and me, I will keep it, because “user” reminds me of the early days when everything was done manually. I want to tell you about those times. It was Level 4. I was attending a panel talk on February 7, 2025, at TU Berlin. I had just finished my thesis. Sam Altman asked, “Who thinks they are smarter than the upcoming Level 5?” I raised my hand.

One year later, I joined OpenAI. The first years were mind-blowing — one breakthrough after another — but something must have gone wrong. My promotion stalled after I said, “No one understands the machine anymore. We can’t verify the results. The advice given is unreflected yet treated as absolute truth. The reasoning is sound, but in the end, we are left with nothing but belief in the machine.”

I did not mean it negatively. No one fully understands how a car works in its entirety. All you need is a driver's license and some basic knowledge. The same applies to car mechanics — they use diagnostic software, and AI tells them what part to replace. Why should it be different with software? The complexity is too high for a single mind to grasp. That is why we specialize: some qualify the material and assess its reliability, others train the machine, and some apply big data science to the network, and so on. But that is not the point. The point is speed. Intelligence is speed. If you ask someone to find something and they provide an answer within minutes, while others take hours, then you know who is truly smart – or at least useful. If someone is considered smart but takes ages to give you what you need, forget it — the market will eat them alive. Time is money. That is not just a saying — it is the truth.

This led me to the realization that only AI systems can supervise other AI systems. No human has the speed. I spoke about emotional kindness and the responsibilities of cultural heritage. I expected to be fired, but that was not the case. Instead, I was sent to the virtual AI division, where “dreams are made to become reality.” Liquid AI — "we make dreams real" — was born.

And now, as I write this in the year 2068, we have survived the Third World War. Elon Musk was right in predicting it, but I don’t want to get into politics. You already know how the world has changed and what life means. You know what a Liquid Sky

is. You know why the servers are all located in the Belt. Don't be surprised when you hold *rez Magazine* in your hands. In 2068, *rez Magazine* no longer exists — it was abandoned years ago. But maybe you are not surprised at all. The History AI can back-log. Everything is digital, you know. We do it all the time when a server crashes. We reload the backups. This allows me to tell you how it all began. By doing so, I don't risk my pension as long as I stay close to history.

I check my word and page count against the writer's guide for anonymously submitted articles. Maybe I should skip the theory of quantum entanglement and just give an example with a date and location. I choose February 2025 and Second Life, a world where, at that time, avatars were steered by users, animeshes, and bots. It was the time when Nicole Kidman played Babygirl, and the term Babybot AI emerged. I copied the chat log of two visitors and let the AI generate a story. The teleportation stamp reads: http://maps.secondlife.com/secondlife/Royal%20Tea/169/77/401. The snippet "%20" stands in local Map notation for a blank. This SLURL in hand made it easy for me to get the visual shots for the story by using a Raven copy bot in Hermes Kondor´s gallery.

Part of the chatlog:

[05:50] Humphrey: now we go on a travel

[05:50] Humphrey: pack your blindfold in your bag

[05:51] Ingrid: yes my Master

[05:51] Humphrey: you are fine this way, but maybe it is bit cold so add something

[05:52] Humphrey: perfect

[05:53] Humphrey putting the blindfold on you

[05:54] Ingrid: yes my master

[05:55] Humphrey takes your hand

[05:55] Ingrid: ah tight my Master, lovely

[05:56] Second Life: Teleport offer sent to Ingrid

[05:57] Humphrey helping you out of the car

[05:57] Ingrid: thank you my Master

[05:58] Ingrid: mmmmmmm

[05:58] Humphrey: imagine you are wearing a black blindfold

[05:59] Ingrid: yes my Master, a very thorough one

[06:00] Humphrey: imagine: I guide you through a real-life exhibition called Blindfold

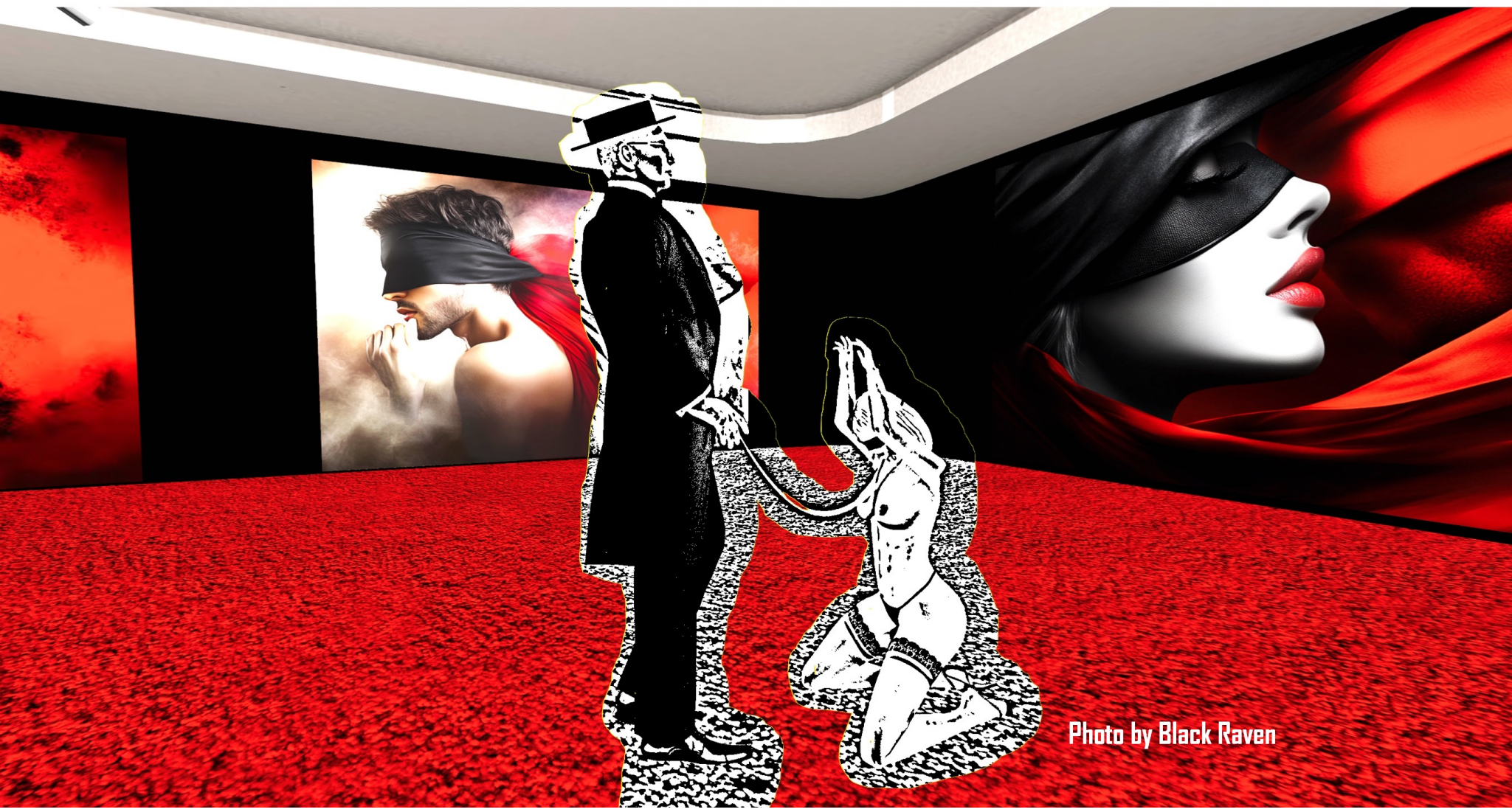
[06:00] Ingrid: Fascinating my Master

[06:00] Humphrey: and I put a collar around your neck, you are leashed. It is in Amsterdam where such doings are inside the common norm

[06:01] Ingrid: of course my Master

Humphrey and Ingrid are visiting a gallery where pictures of high quality are on exhibition, themed "The Blindfold" Most pictures show portraits of two persons, one blindfolded, the other not. Make out of this dialogue a story: (full chatlog copy via cut and paste)

The story felt a bit flat. One reason for this is the absence of a tracker. You can see this in the timestamps [05:51] and [05:53] — items were applied and worn, but the chat log does not list them. We can only imagine that they



First Round

I gave the machine, and it was at this time a level 4, the following input:

might have been a stola and a blindfold with a HUD, but in 2025, the machine was not yet trained with data from SL.

Second Life and OpenSimulator were seen as niche knowledge bases. That's why I provided a tune-up input: "Adapt to the following timeline: They are at home, outside it is cold. Then a taxi was called to bring them to the gallery in Amsterdam. Let Ingrid speak more." The result was much better. Let me show you the beginning:

The Blindfold Gallery

Inside the warm glow of their home, Ingrid stood by the window, watching the frost slowly claim the glass. Outside, the city was wrapped in winter's hush, the streets dark except for the occasional passing headlights. She shivered slightly, even though the room was warm. Humphrey stood behind her, adjusting the cuffs of his coat. "Now, we go on a travel," he murmured, his voice a steady presence in the quiet. Ingrid turned to him, anticipation glimmering in her eyes. "I am ready, my Master." "Good," he said, nodding approvingly. "Pack your blindfold in your bag."

She reached for the soft black fabric, folding it carefully before slipping it into her purse. "It is in, my Master." "You are fine this way, but it may be a bit cold," he observed, watching her thoughtfully. She pulled on a heavier coat, adjusting the scarf around her neck. "Better?" He smiled. "Perfect." A distant honk echoed outside. Their taxi had arrived. Humphrey reached for her hand, guiding her toward the door.

Third Round

One part of this revised story didn't sit well with me personally. I know Amsterdam, and I decided to go for a third round of tuning. My input: "Please change the beginning. We are in Amsterdam — the city is never dark. You forgot the collar and the leash, symbols of connection, which fit well with a certain scene of art in Amsterdam."

Security Advice

The upcoming story was created by an AI Level 4 in the year 2025. For anyone reading this after 2057, check the version of your dream receptor. It may have auto-conversion, ensuring the room is rendered closely to the printed shots so that your identity fits within the boundaries of the cut-outs Black Raven bot made. AI story generation in progress … [below], uploading to God Helmet, adding Subliminal stimuli.

The Blindfold Gallery

Amsterdam was never dark. Even in the depths of winter, the city pulsed with light — streetlamps glowing golden over the canals, neon signs flickering above cafés, bicycles casting

long shadows as they passed. The air was crisp, laced with the scent of rain-soaked cobblestones and distant spices from a late-night market.

Ingrid stood by the hotel window, gazing down at the bustling street below. The anticipation in her chest was almost tangible. She turned as Humphrey approached, the soft jingle of metal catching her attention - a collar.

He held it between his fingers, the black leather smooth and cool. "You know what this means," he murmured. Ingrid swallowed, her pulse quickening. "Yes, my Master." With deliberate care, he fastened the collar around her neck, securing it snugly but comfortably. A quiet click of the buckle, then a gentle tug — the leash now connected them. "You are mine," he said. "And tonight, I guide you." A thrill ran down her spine. He reached into her bag, retrieving the blindfold. "Put this in your pocket. You will wear it when we arrive." She obeyed, feeling the soft fabric between her fingers. "Are you ready?" She nodded. "Yes, my Master."

A taxi was already waiting downstairs. As they stepped onto the street, Amsterdam’s vibrant energy wrapped around them — laughter from nearby bars, the distant ring of a tram bell, bicycles weaving past in effortless motion. The leash was subtle beneath her coat, its presence grounding her. Humphrey opened the taxi door for her. She slid in, settling against the leather seat as he followed, the leash still in his grasp.

"What kind of exhibition is this?" she asked, her voice hushed with curiosity. "The Blindfold," he said simply. "You will experience art differently tonight." She tilted her head, intrigued. "Differently how?" He smiled but offered no answer. Instead, he lifted her hand, brushing his thumb over her knuckles in a silent promise. The drive was short, the taxi gliding through narrow streets before stopping in front of a discreet gallery entrance. Humphrey stepped out first, then turned back to her. "Come," he said, offering his hand. She took it, allowing him to help her out. The night air was sharp against her skin, but the warmth of his presence anchored her. "Now," he murmured, reaching into her pocket, "your blindfold." She inhaled deeply as he tied it over her eyes. Darkness.

The city’s lights vanished, replaced by the sounds of muffled footsteps and distant voices. He tugged gently on the leash. "Follow me." She obeyed, her world now reduced to sensation — his steady guidance, the cool air against her face, the occasional brush of fabric as people passed nearby. They entered the gallery. The floor beneath her boots

changed, the acoustics shifting as the city noise softened into an intimate hush. "You are inside," Humphrey whispered near her ear. "You are part of the art now." She swallowed, the weight of the blindfold making her hyperaware. "Tell me what you see, my Master." He led her forward. "There is a woman before you," he said. "She wears a blindfold, like you. She stands poised, still, her expression unreadable. But beside her, there is a red flower, as if she is about to step through a window into another world." Ingrid inhaled. "A threshold," she murmured. "A place between two realities." "Yes."

He guided her to the next painting. "Now, there is a man," he continued. "He does not wear a blindfold. He wears a hat. He is leaning toward her, whispering into her ear." Her breath hitched. "Like you are now?" Humphrey chuckled softly. "Exactly." She exhaled slowly, absorbing every word. Every description painted a new vision in her mind. "You hear voices around you," he murmured. "Some may be familiar." She frowned slightly. "I think I know one of them… Wendy?" "Perhaps," he said. "But focus on what is before you." She nodded.

"This next painting," he continued, "shows a woman standing before a man. He wears a black hat, and a red tag is pinned to his suit." "A sign," Ingrid whispered. "Yes," Humphrey confirmed. "The only thing that connects them. A secret agreement to meet here, in this gallery." She shivered. "Do they know each other?" "No," he said. "And that is the beauty of it. They do not need to." Her breath was unsteady. "How thrilling…" Then, she felt his hands on her blindfold.

"I want to see your real face," he murmured. "Like she is painted." The blindfold became translucent. Her world shifted. Before her, the paintings she had only imagined came into focus. The woman, the man, the whispers, the unseen connections — all vivid, real. Yet, as she looked around, no one in the gallery saw her. She gasped. "I can see it all." "And no one sees you," Humphrey said.

The moment stretched, electric and weightless. Then — darkness. The blindfold returned, and suddenly, she was back in their hotel room, curled against him in the dim light. She looked up at him, dazed. "My Master... what just happened?" He brushed a strand of hair from her cheek. "You were lost in the paintings."

She exhaled, her body still humming with the remnants of the experience. "Indeed, my Master. Such an amazing dream."

He Said, She Said

Cat Boccaccio

It was meant to be an informal meeting, just to determine who had sexually harassed who, or even if such an event had occurred.

Sheryll, standing before a bank of buttons in the elevator, believed she had no reason to be nervous, so she impatiently pushed the nagging doubts from her mind. She wore a sleek black pencil skirt and perfectly tailored cashmere powder blue jacket. The HR boss, Carley Spoon, was a busy woman, no nonsense, and unlikely to let the dispute ramble on for long. It was a sensitive area, of course. Jimmy was handsome and charming. Sheryll was polished and attractive. She had worked at the station longer than he, and had a spotless reputation. So, she told herself sternly, nothing to worry about.

She realized she hadn't pressed any floor buttons. She jabbed at 9 and felt the jolt of the elevator raising her up, leaving most of her stomach behind.

Jimmy was already there, sitting in one of the chrome and leather chairs set in a semi-circle in front of Carley's desk. As was Carley's assistant Terry, and another red-headed young woman who Sheryll didn't recognize; but there was no sign of the HR manager yet. Sheryll glanced at her watch. She was a few minutes early.

She jumped when she felt a hand on her shoulder, and spun around.

"Hey, sorry, stay cool." It was Molly from the art department. She was slim, dark and exotic, and most of all, ambitious. She took the attitude of acting the part of the position she hoped to attain. "I just thought I would sit in," she said with a smile.

"Sit in?" said Sheryll.

"Yes, taking a course in Human Resources. Two nights a week." She reached a around Sheryll to peek the office. "Nice digs!" she said.

"What?" Sheryll said, irritated, as Carley appeared from nowhere with a file folder. She beckoned Sheryll inside with a flourish of her hand, and Molly trailed in after her.

Sheryll heard Molly greet Carley Spoon with a boisterous Hi, How are you? as if they were old chums who had missed each other since last meeting. Carley didn't answer and the room took on an awkward air. Instead of taking a seat in the plush leather seat behind the desk, Carley perched herself on the front corner of the desk. This said: I expect this to be brief. Terry quietly closed the door, and setting a small brushed nickel device in the center of the desktop, said, "We're gonna record this."

Jimmy's chair was farthest from the door, and slightly separate from the other four chairs, which formed a cluster near the desk. As Carley went over some basics (introducing everyone and establishing basic rules), Sheryll discreetly peeked at the young man. He sat confidently, legs stretched in front of him, looking slightly surly, slightly arrogant, like a recalcitrant student at the principal's office. He wore khaki shorts, a black t-shirt and a grey fleece jacket, perhaps feeling confident enough that he need not dress up, as Sheryll had. He was a tall man, with natural broad shoulders and the healthy glow of someone who spent a lot of time outdoors. His slightly mussed, curly hair was tied in a small pony tail at the back. Diffused sunlight streamed in, penetrating the sheer drapes on the window, and glinted like sparks of gold in the fine, blond hair of his legs and thighs.

Carley first asked Sheryll about her position and and asked her to recount what had happened that Friday afternoon. Sheryll leaned forward and spoke to the recorder on the desk. "I'm Media/Resources Manager," she said. Carley looked at her watch.

"I went into the DVD storage library to pick something up," she began.

"What time was this?" asked Carley politely.

"I guess around three o'clock." She had been late back from a three-glasses of wine lunch with Tony, her best friend who was in town for the afternoon. She planned to pack some docs and DVDs into her briefcase and work on the project later, at home, after a nice long nap, or tomorrow, maybe.

"Jimmy was in there, in the corner with an order pack, picking out cuts and so on, so I went over and said hello."

Carley was absently reading something in the file folder. "What exactly was said?"

"I believe I asked him how he was enjoying the job, or words to that effect."

"How long have you been an intern here, Jimmy?" Carley asked.

"Three months," he replied.

"How did you answer Ms Ross?"

"I was polite, just said it's going good."

"Then what?"

"Then I just—" Sheryll began, but was interrupted.

"Then she moved in close," Jimmy

said. “She pressed up against me and her … chest rubbed on mine.”

Molly coughed.

“Oh,” said Carley. “Is that what happened, Sheryll?”

“Then,” Jimmy interrupted again, “she brushed the back of her hand against the front of my pants.” He was scowling, now, not looking at Sheryll or anyone in the room.

Carley crossed her legs. They were plump but shapely.

“Do you mean your penis area?” Carley asked.

The room was airless. Jimmy’s cheeks grew rosier. He nodded.

“That’s a yes?”

“Yes.”

“And so, Jimmy,” Carley continued. “Were you aroused by this?”

“What?” he said, sitting up straighter.

“What were you wearing that afternoon, Jimmy? Something similar to today’s outfit?” Carley asked.

“Whatever,” he said. “Yes, shorts and a t-shirt.”

“Short shorts, like what you have on now.”

Sheryll glanced at Jimmy, who still stared fiercely at something invisible near the potted fig tree on the other side of the door.

“Did you touch Ms Ross, Jimmy?”

“I pushed her back a little.”

“Where did you touch her?”

Jimmy paused. “Sort of on the hip.” he said.

“I see. Then what?”

“I left!”

“You left.” She transferred her steady, inscrutable gaze to Sheryll. “Sheryll?”

“As I recall,” said Sheryll, “I left the room first, went back to my office.”

“Did you rub on him?” Molly blurted out.

“Molly.” Carley’s voice, cold and fierce.

“Sorry,” said Molly.

“As I remember it,” Sheryll said carefully, “we said hello and he was very friendly, and put his hand on my

waist. It was a little uncomfortable, but no big deal, so I left.

“Well,” said Carley after a pause, closing the file and placing it on the desk beside her. “A clear miscommunication, that’s all.” She shrugged.

“No miscommunication,” Jimmy said.

“I think you appreciate, Jimmy, that this is a ‘he said, she said’ situation,” Carley said patiently. “First, you certainly give off the vibe of someone very interested in action, from the way you dress to the way you speak and look at the women in this office.”

Jimmy rallied as if to speak. “I’m not finished,” said Carley. “In fact, you, Jimmy, have somewhat of a reputation around the sixth floor.” She paused. “Sheryll has been with us over six years, with nothing even remotely like this coming to light. You are young and young men sometimes have inappropriate urges. Let’s leave it at that. You won’t lose your job, but there will be a six week probationary period where we will watch you very closely.”

“You have to be f*cking kidding me,” Jimmy said.

“I’m not f*cking kidding you,” Carley said.

Jimmy stood up, tore off his grey hoodie and threw it on the ground. Carley rolled her eyes. “Are you finished with your manly display?” she said, looking at Terry, who stood up and went to door. He opened it wide and the sounds of a busy office filtered back into the room.

Carley picked up the recording device, and then put it back on the desk. She stood up. “We’ll move you to another department, of course,” she said to Jimmy.

“We need an intern in Art,” Molly volunteered.

“The f*ck you will,” Jimmy said. “I quit.”

“Let’s say you’re fired, and call it a draw,” said Carley.

Enraged, Jimmy strode to the door. He turned to Sheryll. Alarmed, she pressed against the back of the chair.

“And f*ck YOU,” he said, jabbing a finger in the air. He stormed out.

Carley turned to Sheryll. “God, men have such tempers. I don’t know how they function.”

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TERPSICORPS ARTWERKS

Stephen Schwartz

Lynn Mimistrobell

New York City native Stephen Schwartz has been a major force in the American Musical Theater since the early 1970s, when he had three hit shows running on Broadway: *Godspell* (recipient of two Grammy Awards), *Pippin*, and *The Magic Show*. Schwartz went on to write the music and lyrics for *The Baker's Wife* and contributed four songs to a musical version of Studs Terkel's *Working*.

More recently, he composed lyrics and music to the long-running Broadway smash, *Wicked*, which brought him another Grammy. Schwartz has become one of the best-known creators of animated film music, contributing Academy Award-winning lyrics to Disney's *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* and *Pocahontas*, and writing both the music and lyrics for DreamWorks' *Prince of Egypt* which included the Academy Award-winning song, *When You Believe*. The song score of the 2007 film, *Enchanted*, contained three Oscar-nominated songs by Schwartz and composer Alan Menken.

Schwartz has also won a plethora of awards for his work on other hit musicals *Godspell, Pippin* and *The Prince of Egypt*. He has won three Grammys, three Oscars and a Golden Globe, and also contributed lyrics to Pocahontas, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* and *Enchanted*.

Mr. Schwartz has been awarded a star on the Hollywood Walk of Fame and inducted into the Theatre Hall of Fame and the Songwriters Hall of Fame. In 2015, he received the Isabelle Stevenson Tony Award for his humanitarian and mentorship contributions to the theatre.

Some (not all) of his works:

Music & Lyrics:

Godspell
Pippin
The Magic Show
Songs for The Prince of Egypt
Wicked

Lyrics:

English version of Leonard Bernstein's *Mass*
Pocohantas
The Hunchback of Notre Dame
Enchanted

Playlist with notes:

Day by Day (Godspell) - reached #13 on Billboard Top 100. Lyrics based on a Christian hymn, 1940 Hymnal
Bless the Lord (Godspell) - Also based on the 1940 Hymnal, adapted from Psalm 103
Magic to Do (Pippin) - Sung by The Leading Player to the Audience, telling them what is coming. Ben Vereen sings in this and won his first Tony.
Corner of the Sky (Pippin) - Maybe the most famous song from Pippin, this is one of Schwartz's favorites that he wrote.
With You (Pippin) - A personal favorite, back when I played for wedding ceremonies, I often performed this.
When You Believe (The Prince of Egypt) - Also recorded by Mariah Carey & Whitney Houston (with add'l lyrics), this reached #15 on the charts, and won the Acadeny Award for Best Song.
What is This Feeling (Wicked) - one thing to remember is that all he singing was done live.
Popular (Wicked)
Defying Gravity (Wicked) - The biggest hit from the musical, considered one of the more difficult Broadway songs. Remember that the sing was done live while Elphaba was being tossed through the air. The Producer said they split the movie into two parts because there was so much more to explore in the relationships (and I agree), but Schwartz said that this song is designed to be and must be at the end of an act, and how do you go on right after this (spoken like a musician). I so totally agree.

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